

How Lady Beatty's Frenchman Thrilled all Europe

*Humble Gardener Becomes Apostle of
Auto-suggestion and Hundreds
Come Daily to Hear the Words He
Said to Fashionable Noblewoman---
Miraculous "Cures" Are the
Sensation of the Whole Continent*



Above—Lady Beatty, wife of the Admiralty Lord, who sponsored the now famous M. Coue.

THE amazing spectacle presented by thousands of men and women, and children as well, coming from all parts of the Continent and England to the front yard of a modest little cottage on the outskirts of Nancy, in France, each one of them suffering from some sort of affliction which in the past had defied all ministrations, each to be told by a little old man who is ever smoking a cigarette—

"You are mistaken, my children; you are not ill. You are well and strong; go about your business!"

has supplied Europe with such a thrill as it has not lately experienced. And the thrill is augmented in the description of the rest of the same spectacle. Nearly all those persons who go to see the little Frenchman, each one a sufferer as said above, depart according to the little Monsieur's directions—"well and strong and able to go about their business!"

It might be said that, truly, the "Miracle Man" who recently was so interesting in stage and film drama and who was just the creature of an author's imagination, really has come to life.

It was Lady Beatty, the charming and beautiful wife of the British Admiral, who discovered him. That is, it was Lady Beatty who, having herself gone to him with an affliction which had troubled scientists and specialists for many years, and who left him cured, attracted to him the attention of her powerful friends and stood sponsor for him.

The little Frenchman is M. Emile Coue, a quiet, modest gardener, who for many years has lived unnoticed except by his immediate neighbors in his little home outside Nancy. A year ago it was only occasionally that a neighbor stopped at the front gate to chat for a moment with the little man who was chiefly remarkable for the number of cigarettes he would smoke each day. He had a little business of his own in the city, just prosperous enough to support his home and his garden and allow the luxury of one maid servant, who had been with Monsieur for some twenty years.

Now there scarcely is a day passes that at least 200 pilgrims do not enter that modest front gate to range themselves in ranks in the front yard, there to wait patiently and hopefully until Monsieur finds the time to give each one a word of encouragement—to say to each, "You are foolish; you are well; go home."

A few years ago this M. Coue would have been termed "Another faith healer." There would have been the refreshed memory of Schlatter, Lowdin and others who were the prototypes of the "Miracle Man," and there would have been passing wonder at his phenomenal accomplishments, and then, forgetfulness.

But to-day M. Coue is called an exponent

of the "science of auto-suggestion" and with Lady Beatty supporting him there are none who dare look upon him with cynical skepticism. Instead, the conservative Lyceum Club of London and many other institutions, some of them scientific and most exclusive, have honored him. Besides, Lady Beatty, Mme. Rita, the famous novelist, has vouched for him—and in the case of both these distinguished women "seeing is believing." For both of them were seriously ill and seemingly beyond hope of assistance from their physicians just a few months ago. To-day both, seemingly, are well and active. And both give as an explanation but two words—"Monsieur Coue."

Two years ago M. Coue, who, as has been explained, was engaged in a small business in Nancy and devoted in his leisure moments to his garden and its flowers, was interested in an advertisement distributed by an American publishing house, asking attention to a new pamphlet by an American author describing the possibilities of auto-suggestion.

"Auto-suggestion," the pamphlet explained, was a method of relieving one's self from any affliction or physical trouble by the power of self-persuasion that such affliction or trouble did not really exist.

M. Coue sent the required thirty francs to America for a copy of this pamphlet. It interested him deeply. He read a great many other books upon the same subject. He had been a sufferer to some extent from rheumatism. He decided to try upon himself the theory expounded in the booklet.

"You are foolish," he said to himself. "You have no rheumatism. You have been mistaken in thinking you were so afflicted. Dispossess yourself of the idea. Get up and walk without pain—go about your business, as you should."

Surprisingly, he declares, he rose from his chair and for the first time in many years walked about the house and the garden outside without those twinges of pain which had been his constant companions for so long. Each morning before he left his bed he said those same words to him-

At right—M. Emile Coue, Lady Beatty's protegee, and, above, his humble cottage which has suddenly become the mecca of many pilgrims.

self over and over again. When he finally arose, he says, there still was no rheumatism to bother him.

He wondered, after a time, if he had not discovered something worthy of being shared with those neighbors whom he loved and who were the only occupants of his horizon. There was, living near, a friend who, for some time, also had suffered—from neuritis. M. Coue one morning stopped this friend and asked him why he was so bent and why there were such lines of distress always in his face.

"It is strange you should ask, Neighbor Coue," the friend replied. "Or is it that you feel to joke this fine morning? You well know I suffer most continuously."

"But it is not so, my friend," said the little M. Coue. "I thought I, too, suffered most continuously until I persuaded myself differently, and, see, I am now strong and well. You are foolish, neighbor; you think

Truth About Hollywood Salaries

Continued from Ninth Page.

tion picture producers has never offered as much as one cent to spur the hunt for the person who shot Taylor, but when the question came up at a luncheon in the clubhouse of the Screen Writers Guild ten scenario writers guaranteed \$100 apiece on the spot. Maybe that merely signifies that the writers have all the money.

Editor's Note: The pen picture of Hollywood given on these pages through succeeding Sundays is to-day concluded. It has been exhaustive, and, so far as humanly possible, accurate even to its most important details—the readers may now draw their own conclusions, with assurance that,

you are ill, but you are not. Tell yourself you are well; tell yourself you have no suffering. Straighten up. Smile. Remove those lines of a pain that does not exist and go about your business as I do mine."

French peasants and small trades people are very serious. The neighbor saw his friend was not speaking lightly. He re-

in reaching their verdict, they have all the evidence before them.

But one mistake was made, so far as Mr. Cronyn knows, and he wishes here to correct even that one, the result of an error made by an assistant, to whom he entrusted computation of statistics.

It was said in a previous installment Herbert Brenon, the director, was among those of the film world who had been at least once divorced. It is pleasing to be able to say Mr. Brenon has been more fortunate—he and Miss Helen Downing were married eighteen years ago in New Orleans and with their 15-year-old son make one of the happy film families in which romance still lives.

The End.



A drawing by the artist of the London Illustrated News of the daily audience in M. Coue's front yard.

peated to himself the formula M. Coue had put into words. Unconsciously, perhaps, he straightened up and went about his business, the old pain no longer troubling him. In the city he explained to other friends: "I have been a fool for these many years," he said in his simple belief. It was M. Coue, the gardener, who revealed to me the light. Now I am well—as if I never had been ill. M. Coue is a very wise man indeed, it seems. We have not given him his just acknowledgments."

Another neighbor who suffered also was waylaid at the gate to M. Coue's garden. He, too, went on into the city erect and unsuffering. Nancy is not a large city, certainly not so large but soon there were gossipings and sayings about this little M. Coue, who lived on the outskirts and who by merely saying a few magic words could send away about their business well and strong men and women who for many years had gone about their daily duties in pain.

One morning, just after sunrise, when M. Coue came out of his front door to say good morning to his flowers, there stood a stranger at the little gate. He was from the city, but M. Coue had not seen him before.

Courteously and somewhat in doubt when he saw the little man with the cigarette, the stranger asked if this might be the famous Monsieur of whom all Nancy then talked.

Puzzled, the gardener replied: "But no, I can't be the one you seek. I am indeed but the Monsieur Coue who keeps this garden and a small business in the city. The good people of Nancy have never had reason to speak of me, either ill or good."

"But there must live here the Monsieur I seek—the same of whom all Nancy speaks, and speaks most good—and the name is the same, Monsieur Coue. Is it possible you are he?"

"I am Monsieur Coue, that is true. But what could the good people of Nancy say of me that you should come to my gate inquiring?"

"They say you cure those who are ill by the simple telling to them that they are well. I have come to ask if you would be so good as to tell me in those words that seem so potential that I, too, am well who have been ill so long."

Then M. Coue understood. Some one of those garrulous neighbors had been talking more than was meet with them. He smiled that gentle, warming smile which now is famous across the continent. "They are not words with potency, friend, that I have spoken to my friends, just words that are most simple and true. You do

not speak the truth to me, even though you are a stranger, if you come here to say that you are ill. Or else you are mistaken. You are not ill. You are well and strong. I am about to be busy in my garden now, so go about your business, well and strong, and come back another day to tell me you were wrong in supposing you were ill."

It was kindly said, but there was a ring of authority, of certainty, of conviction in the intonations. When he had finished M. Coue turned, with an abrupt bow, to his gardening. The stranger drew himself up, turned on his toes and started back to town. "I am mistaken. I am not ill. I am well and strong," he repeated as he walked away from the gate.

And the record runs that he was, indeed, well and strong—and that he added to the gossipings and the rumorings among the people in the city.

As the weeks went by it was apparent that in these daily morning audiences there began to appear strangers who were far from beyond the city. They began to come from other districts—even from Paris itself. The maid could distinguish them by their more pronounced strangeness.

Then came Lady Beatty. She had suffered for many years from an affliction which deprived her of many of the enjoyments that would have been hers by right of her high social position and her otherwise fortunate circumstances.

The gossip had reached across the Channel. Lady Beatty fared just as did others of those who went to M. Coue. With kindly and sympathetic attention the gardener listened to her account of the years of illness she had suffered. "You must do just as I say," M. Coue said at last, "and do not look to me for a cure. I cannot cure any one of any illness. That impression is a mistake. But I do know that you may cure yourself. You have only to convince yourself that you are mistaken. Come—persuade yourself that you are wrong—then you will be well and strong again."

Others of far higher station might have said those same words to Lady Beatty and she would have been either amused or provoked. Somehow, though, there was that in the eyes, the simple manner, the convincing tone of this little Frenchman that seemed to almost hypnotize her into belief. At any rate there is ample evidence that Lady Beatty no longer suffers. Mme. Rita, the famous novelist, also received M. Coue and heard his assurance and was cured.

With such as these to sponsor him, London took even more notice than had Nancy. The prophet abroad gained more honor, as is the custom, than he enjoyed at home. It needed great halls to accommodate those who went to him for help. And while some, of course, were not so satisfied when they left him, the fact remains that thousands upon thousands who appeared in the direct distress of serious maladies went home as he told them to go, "well and strong."

"Hypnotism!" cried the skeptics. "But I do not hypnotize," replied M. Coue. "I ask only that the one who suffers say to himself, with conviction and determination, 'I am well.' Any one who can do this is, indeed, well. It is only auto-suggestion."

And that is the only explanation M. Coue gives of his extraordinary powers, aroused by the reading of a pamphlet from an American publisher. And there is none who can suggest charlatanism, since M. Coue accepts no pay of any kind.

At his last public reception in London M. Coue was appealed to by a man who had come far. This man was a paralytic, apparently, and so afflicted that he could not balance himself upon his feet. Each time he attempted to stand he swayed and fell, either to the right or left, or upon his face.

"Come, my friend," said the little Frenchman kindly, at the same time placing his hand on the sufferer's shoulder, "how mistaken you are! It is too bad you are so wrongly persuaded of an affliction from which you do not suffer. Come—run along. Tell yourself you are foolish; that you are as well as I; say it over and over again; think it; believe it—there! Run down the aisle and onto the street and go home."

And just so it was. The paralytic straightened, stood away from his support and, with a shout, really ran down the passageway to the street. There were hundreds who saw this "cure." Among them even were clergymen and physicians.

Scientists and experts in mental hygiene declare there is nothing new or extraordinary even in the most dramatic of the little Frenchman's achievements. They explain that by his quaint, homely personality, his evident sincerity and his wholesome desire to profit no further than in the knowledge of good deeds, he has dramatized the long known effectiveness of auto-suggestion and brought it home to the understanding of a public ignorant of its principles and efficiency.